

**THE  
GREEN BOOK**

**1935**













# The Green Book

A  
Freshman  
Publication

1924





# Foreword



OT

because it is tradition, although it is a very worthy one, we, the Freshman Rhetoric classes of 1935-1936 present this first Green Book to you. We have watched it grow with anxious interest - compiled it with loving care - and we hope you will enjoy it as much as we have. From it you may get a picture of our hearts - fresh and young and full of the joy of living.





## Introduction

Because you have made us appreciate history more than we ever did before, because you have raised our standards of scholarship, because you have proved to us that education and religion are compatible, and because - most priceless gift of all - you have deepened our faith in God - we, the Freshman class of 1935-1936 gratefully, gladly dedicate this book.



# Contents

Editorial.....	Rose Rice
The Snowshoe Trail.....	Jean Goodnow
Dishes.....	Bertha Rutkowski
What Price Football.....	Neal Wilson
Wherein Lies Poverty.....	Margaret Orser
Rain at Night.....	Margaret Orser
No Fussing.....	Mary Habecker
Desire - A Poem.....	Florence Mentall
Friendship - A Poem.....	Florence Mentall
A Philosophy.....	Bernice Seazans
The Sailer.....	Wilbur Mullen
The Campus at Night.....	Mary Larson
The Christmas Crowd.....	Eula Wright
Shaving.....	Glenn Tyner
In a Day's Work.....	Virginia Hawk
Dormitory Days.....	Rose Rice
Snaps.....	
Jokes.....	





SOMETIMES

we realize that we have all of life before us, we Freshman, and we are afraid. But we have youth and intelligence and ambition, yes, and even pride - the kind that makes us want to go out and move the world, even though we know that we are small and weak, infinitesimal in the sight of God and man. We know that life holds much of pain and sorrow for us, but yet there will be times of fierce, burning, bursting joy and times of deep, abiding contentment. We long to meet life in its fullest intensity, on its own terms, to pit our feeble strength against its problems, and to conquer it.

Then let us keep our illusions, you who are older and wiser than we, for we shall need them. Let us believe that life is a great and glorious thing and that we are master of our own destiny. It will help us some time when the way gets dark and rough and we cannot see the next step ahead. It will give us confidence in ourselves when all others doubt us; it will save us from many an hour of despair. And maybe - after all - life will be kind and let us keep them, these precious, inspiring, God-given illusions that are a part of our very souls.





# The Staff

Rose Rice.....Editor-in-Chief  
Donnabelle Ruth.....Associate Editor  
Elliott Gordon.....Business Manager  
Alvin Kauffman.....Artist

Margaret Orser

Jean Goodnow

Weston Jones

Robert Mitchell

Bernice Seamans

Margaret Hill

Annabelle Russell

Mary Habecker

Everett Downing

Arthur Kleppinger

Joan Norris



# Freshman Themes



# The Snowshoe Trail



HAT

a beautiful morning to go swinging along over the snowshoe trail! There is a light snow over a crust just strong enough to hold us up. The leader sets the pace and off we start. The outfits of the snowshoers make a splash of color against the white of the snow.

As we travel up through the fields we can see in the distance the White Mountains, white not only in name but white in reality now. On the left are Mount Washington and the Presidential range and over there to the right are Lafayette and the Franconia range. Still farther south is Mount Moosilauke. We can see the tip-top house today. Now we are entering the woods. Wouldn't this baby tree make the prettiest Christmas tree? And see, there is a big one nearly perfect in shape. Are we going through these thick cedar bushes? That snow will drop right down our necks. In passing we bruise the cedar tips, and what a delicious smell comes from them! We sniff and sniff and yet can't get enough of the Christmasy scent.

We are in a break in the woods. All around us are tall firs, balsams, pines, and Norway pines with their long needles. They stand there with boughs drooping to the ground under the weight of last night's snow. We stop for a few minutes to look, - just look. A chickadee calls from the tree beside me. There he is, peeking at us and calling his friendly greeting. Here beside my foot is a track, a squirrel path. It comes from the chickadee's tree and goes





way over to the lightening-struck pine. Yes, I can see why he came over here; for pine seeds, or what is left of them, are scattered around under the tree. I wonder where he is now and what he is doing. As we start along, friend chickadee calls a farewell from his treetop.

Here is a rabbit track - and he is in a hurry. Look! Quickly, over there! See those deer? Now they are gone, waving their white flags and kicking up their heels triumphantly. It was a buck and a doe. Too bad we didn't see them sooner. We are crossing the wee brook now. It has a nightcap on, too, like the trees, but in places it has pulled off its cap and is singing merrily away. Here is a hill to climb; dig in your toes. We are at the top. Let's all slide down on our snowshoes. What fun, even if we did get snow all over ourselves!

Again we come to the little brook meandering on its way, still singing its song of joy at escaping from its nightcap. Almost home now; here is the gate leading onto the road. Now we will take off our snowshoes and go in and toast our toes by the fire and eat apples.

*H. Jean Tadrow*



# Dishes



me there is nothing so heart-rending as a pile of dishes crying to be washed. Like children's faces smudged with bits of egg, potato, cake, and jam, they have an impish way of gazing up at one which sends me into a frenzy of action. I grab the nearest one and begin vigorously, to scrub it. Sometimes, much to my surprise and dismay, one of them eludes me and causes me much grief.

Still, when at last they stand clean, fresh, and shiny before me, I feel well compensated for all my exasperating efforts.

*Bertha Rutkowski*



# What Price Football



SCATTERBRAIN

idea of hitch-hiking to a football game at eleven o'clock at night caused a friend and me to brave the cold of late November and start to a much discussed game that was to be played at two o'clock the next day.

The town where the game was to take place was located nearly a hundred miles from our starting point. We had no money or means of transportation - except two pairs of thumbs - and one thumb apiece was really the only necessity. Any graduate of the School of Hitch-hiking knows that the thumb of the right hand is all anyone needs in this modern age of automobile travel

Traveling by automobile is all right at any time of day or night, if you don't depend on someone to offer his car as a means of transportation. The possibilities of getting a kind soul to help you along late at night is slim. It also takes more nerve than brains to ask for a lift at an unusual hour.

Nevertheless, we did obtain a ride in a truck that brought us twelve miles closer to our goal. Leaving the truck we had to endure the cold, wintry, damp air for several hours before we were given a ride - by two hunters in an old touring car. They drove us several miles and let us out in a dark and lonely spot about three miles from a small town.



We started walking in what was now a cold, misty, penetrating rain that actually cooled our ardor for football.

We tried to keep up our spirits by imagining a seriousness concerning our predicament with expressions like, "We must press on; there is no turning back now; the battle has just begun. Are we men, or are we worms? That is the question; what are we?" Then we would go down in the dumps again with, "We're just a couple of 'saps' - taking a chance on pneumonia for a game that we probably won't see!" We would sing awhile and talk awhile, then sing some more, then talk, until we found ourselves at last in the village, which had long since completely gone to sleep. We spied a car down the road and quickly walked in that direction, hoping that the doors were unlocked and we could at least have a place to rest. Luck was with us and we spent the night in the car. The next morning we were successful in getting breakfast. In fact, we had two of them. One wasn't quite enough to give that feeling of satisfaction.

After our breakfasts we went to the highway again and started thumbing, I on one side of the road thumbing toward home and he on the other thumbing toward the town we had started for. We decided that the first automobile that stopped would either mean home or it would mean the game. The first car that stopped was going to what had been our original destination, and the driver was from our home town. This was our lucky day!





Upon reaching the stadium another question presented itself. How were we getting in? Three dollars was a great deal of money in any language. We solved this problem by getting on the good side of a fellow selling programs. Those who sold programs could go in or out whenever they wished and never bother about a ticket. We finally persuaded our victim to let us use some of his programs and pretend that we were selling them. It was easy. We saw the whole game. But I forget the score; I even forget who won.

But I do remember one thing. Our friend with the automobile was the answer to a subconscious prayer. He certainly was sent with a purpose - to get us home - and he didn't lose any time in doing it.

*Neal T. Wilson*



# Wherein Lies Poverty



THEY say that I am poor. They are sorry for the poor little girl who must live in an old gray house and who cannot go all the time to play as their children do. They fear that I am unhappy and think they are glad that they can live in big houses and go to fine places and see grand people. Their children do not like to play with me much, for I haven't the fine clothes that they have, and I can only tell stories and say poems when they wish only to make their lips and cheeks too red and their eyelashes so black they look frightful; and when I voice my displeasure, they reply that I should go where I might see how "nice" people do. Then they leave me - but I do not mind. I am tired. It is wearisome listening to such people for very long.

Then I go home where I can talk to a man who has been shipwrecked and cast on a lovely island, or to the little men who are but six inches high, or I play with Alice; and I like these people very much, for they do things that I should like to do. They do not care because I am poor, and I can tell them that I am very happy and they believe me. They like to listen to my stories and poems.

Or I sit with my sister who is older than I and we talk of many things. She is pretty, and everyone likes my sister; they cannot help it. Many times have I heard other



girls ask her to join them. She does at times, but always when she comes home she tells me she cannot understand those girls. "They think they are so old. They do not wish to do the things meant for girls - things that I enjoy.

Then she tells me about other girls whom she knows very, very well. Their names are Meg and Beth and Jo, and sometimes there are others, but I like them the best, and I know she loves them, for she tries very hard to be like them.

But, of course, I cannot always keep such companions about me; so when my work is done I often walk far into the fields. I am thrilled at all the riches God has given. The beautiful, magic birds and butterflies delight me, and I sit down amidst all this glory and gaze into the sky. At first I wonder how the clouds move and where they go. I wonder about what is on the other side of that vast blueness, and I think, "Why doesn't someone make a ladder millions and millions of miles long to climb up there?" Then I see lovely children playing and beautiful boats on the water and many handsome white horses, and nymphs about sparkling fountains. The great sun with its heat and brightness awes me, and I thank Him who placed such a wonderful creation there where all might share it.

Then I must go, but I will come again often, for there is no limit to contentment here.

So, when I see others who have very much of that which





money buys and are yet unsatisfied and only want more and costlier things, who can find pleasure in nothing but things artificial, then I smile and I say, "I am sorry you are so poor."

Margaret Orser



# Rain at Night



can hear outside the mighty pattering of wind-scattered rain, the splashing of puddles, autos swishing through the blackly glistening street.

I think of tall, dripping trees bold against the sky, capturing in their branches the wild sigh of the wind. I feel the bleak, wet darkness. I should like to be out in that rain tonight.

Margaret Orser.



# No Fussing



UR

family has some rules and regulations that are observed to the letter. There are the spoken laws or would-be written laws. Then we have some laws which are seldom spoken, but are as rigidly observed.

Among these is the law that no matter how provoked we may become at times with one another we never mention our grievance outside of the family. And we seldom discuss such differences even with the other members of the family. Perhaps, then I should say that family loyalty is the law about which our whole family life circles. But since loyalty cannot exist without love, maybe I should have called love the hub of the family wheel.

Love has so saturated our family relationship that we seem to have no laws, written or unwritten, until we stand off and try to look at the family from an impersonal point of view. One of the oldest laws I have known to exist is that called "no fussing". This includes no heated discussions, no sharp, cutting remarks, and no unkind actions. This has been so rigidly enforced and obeyed by all members that our home has gained a reputation for its tranquility. And it wasn't "company manners", either, for we were free and natural at all times.

The "no fussing" law was forcibly impressed on my mind at the age of ten and I have never forgotten that lesson. We were having dinner in the dining room; Daddy was at the head of the



table; Mother at the foot; and sister and I were to sit on one side or the other. Sister did sit down, but on what, whether rightly or not, I termed my side of the table. And I wanted to sit there. My face grew long; tears were not far; but suddenly my attention was drawn from my immediate troubles. What was Daddy going to do? He was getting up from his chair. Was he going to whip me? Surely I was as right as my sister, and Daddy was never unfair. Why, he was taking the dishes off the table! Weren't we going to have any dinner? I watched him carry all the food out to the kitchen table and Mother helped him after she saw what he was doing. After Daddy had set that table, Sister and I hurriedly sat down to await his explanation, frightened by the unique experience and by my father's silence. When we were all seated, Daddy said, "Do you see where you are sitting now?"

I tearfully said, "Yes."

Then he replied, "Hereafter sit in the same place in the dining room." With that remark dinner proceeded as usual.

The discipline we received from these family laws not only produced a sweet harmony in our home, but better fitted us to meet the laws and trials of the world without fussing and complaining.

*Mary Frances Haecke*





# Desire



weeping

Swirling

Swishing

On rushes the hungry wind

Down to the sea.

And as I stand on a high cliff top

My heart rushes gladly

with it.

# Friendship



thought I knew you through and through,

And yet -

You said one thing just yesterday

Which made me doubt myself -

It seems I only knew the outside you,

And the inside you as through a mere

Acquaintance.

Flourish Mental



# A Philosophy



It seems strange that one's philosophy of life should change with every mood or change of environment. Yet it is not so strange, either, when we consider all the different elements which may have a part in influencing our attitude toward life.

Surely you can think of days when it seems as though you must have rolled from the wrong side of the bed. What is the use of living, and why stay around and be in the way? The vegetable man doesn't have the kind of vegetable you had planned for and nothing else looks good; the telephone rings constantly; a salesman comes to talk just when you should be preparing dinner, and when you do get started you turn the gas too high and the potatoes burn. Can you recall the days you tried to buy a dress and all the dresses you liked were either too small or too large; or the day you were in a special hurry and the car refused to start? As you drop into bed at night you wonder what is the use of living anyway.

Then there are the days when the sun shines across your bed to wake you from a peaceful sleep and you roll out wondering why you hadn't got up an hour earlier. Work seems to fly and there is plenty of time for extra fun. Everyone is happy, too, and as you slide between cool sheets at night you hope that today will repeat itself.

There are also the days when you have got away from



everyone and can sit by some quiet lake among the mountains. You would like to sit forever and drink in the beauty of nature. You love the splendor of the mountains reflected in the mirror of the quiet lake and the rustling of the leaves brings drowsiness. Why can't you do just as you please - always seems to be your one desire.

But back in civilization you find yourself some Sunday morning in a little church listening to a missionary who for twenty years has been struggling with almost less than nothing to bring joy to poor, hungry souls, and you are filled with ambition. You would like to go out and turn the world over - but all you can do is to drop a few extra coins on the collection plate.

Every day there is some new thing to thrill us - something to give us hope or joy. But the sad times - the trials and the sorrows of life are what keep us human and tolerant and understanding of our fellowmen.

*Bernice M. Seaman*





# The Sailor



happened by chance to enter a house down by the sea shore, intending to stay about three minutes, but my little visit was lengthened out to an hour.

My interest was held by the sole occupant of that house - an old sailor.

When I entered, the old man was sitting in the middle of the floor mending a net with swift and perfect strokes of the shuttle. While he continued to work I studied him very carefully. He was about seventy, and had white hair, and a mustache of the same color cut in sailor fashion. He was thin but heavily built, and showed signs of having had an extremely muscular body in his younger days. He had lost all his former strength and vitality, and he was now merely the skeleton of what he once had been. But he still had the same spirit, and as he related to me some of his thrilling experiences, his whole frame became tense, his eyes flashed, and one could imagine that he was going through the experiences himself.

On the outside the sailor was but a plain old man, but, when one knew a little about his former life, the man became a different being. It was not until he had related one of his whaling stories that one could understand his sudden exclamations or expressions of some other emotions of by-gone days. But his light blue eyes seemed to hold in them a mystery that had not in



any way been told by the old whaler. Many people had tried without success to penetrate the thoughts that lurked back of those bright eyes.

As I sat there watching the deft fingers of the old man, I seemed to be put under an enchantment. I was not able to escape from it, even though I had to go. I was reminded of the Ancient Mariner, from whom the young man could not escape while the old seaman was telling his tale. In vain I tried several times to rise and go, but the clear, smooth voice held me spellbound. The story was fascinating, appealing to me more than any other experience I had ever heard.

At last the old man stopped and looked out of the window. Then he began talking about things that I was acquainted with, and the spell was broken. At last I was able to go, and he very kindly invited me to come again.

I repeated my visits often, and each time the same feeling came over me. It is a sensation that cannot be explained. All I am able to say is that the old tar was a mystery, and until one goes to sea for fifty-two years and endures similar experiences he will not be able to interpret in any measure the mystery that enshrouds him.

*Wilbur H. Mullen.*



# The Campus at Night



hurried down the dormitory steps with my books under my arm. All my lessons for the morrow were yet to be prepared. As I approached Fowler Memorial, I was suddenly aware of the beauty of the night and the spell it cast over the campus.

Instead of going up to the library as I had planned, I walked up the path and turned. The moon was large and yellow. It looked caressingly down upon the campus. The tall, stately pillars of the Ad. Building appeared more stately tonight. The paths and walks winding in and out through the trees were white and glistening. I forgot my lessons. I was lost in a world of beauty.

*Mary Larson*



# The Christmas Crowd



It is early on the morning of December twenty-four. The weather is cold and snappy. All the clerks are wearing sweaters to keep themselves warm.

As yet there have been only a few customers - small boys and girls who buy ten-cent toys for smaller brothers and sisters or candy to supplement the breakfast which not so long ago was crammed down in order for them to go window shopping all the sooner.

I am busy refilling the candy counter when the door is pushed open with a squeak and a bright-faced girl with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes blows in. She wears a hunter-green ski suit with a bright red scarf and mittens. There is another splash of red in the socks she is wearing with her low moccasins. Even if the store were not decorated, and even if everything did not have some aspect of Christmas about it, one would get a Christmasy feeling only looking at this girl with the laughing eyes. She stops before the book counter.

"I want a book written by William Beebee. He has read all of Beebee's books but the last two. Have you those?"

"Yes", I answer. "Here they are. Do you want both of them? Together they are \$1.98."

"Yes, I'll take them, and a box of the best chocolates you have." She smiled to herself as if she were







contemplating some secret joke. Taking her packages under her arm, she swings out of the store and a ray of sunlight seems to have departed. The door is pushed open again and an old lady comes in.

"Goodness me! but it's cold out. It's a pity a body has to budge out of the house on a day like this. But the Christmas shopping just has to be done, because if you didn't send any presents people would say you were stingy.

"Let's see! What have you got for children's stockings? I want something pretty and serviceable, but not expensive. I can't spend all my money on somebody else's children. Let me look at those brown ones." She feels them. "Yes, those feel pretty thick. I'll take two pairs."

After paying for them, she takes up her shopping bag into which she has put the stockings, and plods out of the store as a shabby boy about fourteen years old comes in.

The boy stops at the candy counter and looks hungrily at the chocolates there. Tearing himself away, he walks slowly down the aisle looking from side to side as if he were undecided as to what he wants. Often he stops before some article, but shaking his head goes on. At last he turns and drags himself out of the store.

Thus the day goes by. Denser and denser becomes the crowd until it is almost impossible to get through. Finally



eleven o'clock comes. The people begin to go home. I go home then myself, to wrap the remainder of my Christmas presents and get ready for the morrow.

Eula Wright.



# Shaving



THE reason I don't like to shave is that it takes too long to get started, but after I get the preliminaries done I enjoy the thrilling adventures I have while doing the job.

The first thing I do is lay a smoke screen of soft, white lather, to unnerve the enemy and to hide them from their own headquarters. Then comes the massacre. I take my bowie knife and enter the smoke screen - unafraid - and confident of success. I begin to mow down the enemy with a blood-curdling scrape, cutting every one to the ground, leaving little pools of blood here and there over the hillside.

Nevertheless, I always get a lesson from their gallant defeat. They stand there as brave as an Indian chief, facing their death with their faces toward the battle front.

*Glenn Syner*



# In a Day's Work



good introduction to psychology may be acquired outside of a college classroom. I profited much by an interesting study of different representatives of the "reading public" as they entered the door of "The Corner Book Shop", where I worked this past summer.

The Mrs. "Dr." Kelley stalks in, attended by her pet poodle and her most gracious, condescending air. She asks for "the latest book by Sinclair Lewis."

"I'm sorry, Madam," (one says "madam" unconsciously to her) "but that book is out. Would you like to have your name put on the reservation list for it?"

"No, I'll look around."

"The books on that small table are on the current 'Herald Tribune' list of international best sellers."

"What is the 'Paths of Glory'?"

"That is a story of the World War. It appeals especially to men."

"I'm sure I wouldn't care for it. Are there no new books in that are very good?"

" 'The Sleeping Child', the third book from the end, is a late book which all readers have enjoyed. Also, that one, 'Ripe Breadfruit', has been recommended highly by our best readers."





After a disdainful, cursory glance at several of the books on the table, she lifts her lorgnette from her aristocratic nose and makes her dignified exit with the parting remark, "Perhaps there will be something here to read the next time I come in."

I gasped, for there were nearly eight hundred 1934 and 1935 books on the shelves, nearly all best sellers at one time. Then I smiled to myself as she was carried away in her beautiful car with all the style and pomp granted to queens.

The bell on the door rang vigorously and I hurried to attend to another customer.

Enter - a pleasant-faced, bustling lady with about six books in her arms. I proceeded to get out the cards for the different books and calculate the charge.

"Fifty-six cents."

"All right, and I'm taking these books. My bus is coming." She grabbed the outside covers from the books and fairly ran out the door. Some of her energy seemed to be communicated to me as I filled out the cards quickly and accurately.

My next customer is a very attractive young woman, the Mrs. Jerry Smith. She is the new wife of the grocer across the street and the added dignity well becomes her.

"That certainly was a good book you picked out for me yesterday. Do you have any more suggestions?"



"Well - "

"Is this a good book?"

"'Winter Carnival'? That came in only yesterday. All I know about it is that it is a college sports story."

"Sounds interesting. I'll take that one. I also want something a bit 'heavier.'"

"This 'Ripe Breadfruit' is well recommended."

"I'll take that, too."

"Good afternoon." She is gone, leaving a ray of sunshine behind her.

Mrs. Sleeper is my next caller. The poor lady, besides being old, is deaf and has poor eyes.

"Is James Hilton's 'Was It Murder' in?"

"Yes, it is."

"That print is not very large, is it?"

She continues to ask me if certain books are in. Those that are all have too small print. Finally, as she seems about to leave without a book, I make one last, floundering effort to "pull the right line."

"Have you read Rupert Hughes' new book, 'The Man with a Home'? The print is quite large, and we just received it the day before yesterday."

It is with a feeling of relief and pride in my salesmanship that I bid her "Good afternoon."



I worked there several months, and from this position I received far more than a small salary - I received an introduction to psychology.

Virginia Hank



# Dormitory Days



ORMITORY life! How we all love it! I awake

with a sleepy, happy feeling that even the jangle of the breakfast bell and the bitter thought of unprepared lessons cannot subdue. Then the mad rush of the day begins.

Breakfast. Hurried, dripping spoonfuls of oatmeal. Crunchy toast. Rhetoric, with half the class late. Themes. Listening to Prof Marquart, - breathlessly. Then the sweet, mellow atmosphere of Professor Angell's class, - Prof Angell, with his kindly, searching, heart-warming lectures. And so on down to French, where fun and "Hubie's" accent reign supreme.

At last comes a breathing spell - but not for long, for chapel has already begun and I have to crawl past a row of girls to get to my seat. Trying to be still, trying to relax my anxious tension, I listen to President Gardner's quiet, well-chosen words of wisdom.

And then comes lunch - never a very sociable meal. Boys in sweat-shirts. Boiled hash. A thumping of napkin rings, a scraping of chairs, and then the real work of the day begins. On to the office until 5:00. Brusque dictation, aching back, - but always something to joke about, and sometimes a bag of cookies or apples from the "boss".

Now I can really slow down a little, leisurely wash and comb, and talk over the day's affairs with my roommate, for





dinnertime is at hand. This is the best meal of the day, for all are cheerful and gay and hopeful. Hopeful of what? They don't know. Anything - a good time, a good meal, a much wanted smile. Reluctantly we linger over the crumbs and the extra forks until everyone who needs to work off his excess energy has made his funny announcement; then we go to prayer meeting, or study, or committee meetings, or clubs, or missions, or to any one of a hundred other things.

But usually we end up in someone else's room discussing life, past, present, and future. A dormitory is the best place in the world in which to give and take confidences. We seem to be wasting time, but I often wonder if we really are. It isn't such a waste of time, after all, to be interested in one's friends, to share their joys and sorrows, to laugh and cry together.

Once I read a little thought that has been a part of my life ever since. It was that all our lives we are packing a treasure chest of memories to dream about when we are old. It is for us to choose our memories, - sweet ones, sad ones, or memories of which we might be ashamed.

These are memories that will some day be very dear to us, these dormitory days.

ROSE RICE



## RULES FOR BOYS DORMS

1. Boys wishing to get up without an alarm may have self-rising flour for dinner.
2. Boys wishing to do a little driving will find nails and hammer in the Dean's office.
3. If the room gets too warm, open the door and watch the fire escape.
4. If you are fond of good athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and watch the bed spring.
5. If your lamp goes out, take a feather out of your pillow; that's light enough for any room.
6. Anyone troubled with nightmares will find a halter on the bed post.
7. Don't worry about paying your bill. Each dorm is supported by a foundation.



# Autographs

Mary Franklin  
(P.S.)

Rose Rice  
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Glenn Tynes

Bernice Seaman

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Granite Thompson

Annabelle Ford  
F. Elliott Gordon

Betty Thorne

Sarah Lytle

Emory C. Cox.

Robert H. Kirkland

R. Lester Quisenberry

Jayline Murray.

Myrtle A. Bradley

Arthur J. Heppinger

Jean Goodnow  
Eula Knight

Alvin Kauffman

Bernice Wells

Mary Fanson

Virginia Hunt

Eona Appleson

Long Island

W. H. Roberts

Blanche Mae Foye













# Freshman Rhetoric Classes



PERIOD 3.



PERIOD 1.



















Nathan Miller: "Did you get all those questions in the test?"

A. Kleppy: "Yes, it was the answers I missed."

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernice Seamans: "All men are fools."

Elliott Gordon: "Yes, we were made fools so you girls wouldn't  
have to be old maids."

\*\*\*\*\*

Dean Griffin: "I shall have to put you fellows in the same bed  
temporarily."

Red and H. T. : "That's all right."

Dean: "Well, I think you'll have a comfortable night.  
It's a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning Red awoke H. T.

"Change places with me", he groaned. "It's  
my turn to lie on the feather!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Bob Mortensen, coming into the office just before dinner:

"I know why Margie's so happy."

Margie Hill: "Why?"

Bob: "Because it's almost 'Melin' time."

\*\*\*\*\*

Joe Phile: "You look like a nice sensible girl. Let's get  
married."

Joan Norris: "No, I'm just as nice and sensible as I look."



When he sneaked in at three  
With guilt in his eyes,  
Dean asked him no questions;  
He knew all the lies.

\*\*\*\*\*

Prof Span: "Harry, what is a metaphor?"

Harry: "To keep cows in."

\*\*\*\*\*

Lady in Quincy Market:

"It's tough when you have to pay fifty cents a pound  
for meat."

Glenn Tyner: "It's tougher when you pay twenty-five cents a pound."

\*\*\*\*\*

Steve Bennett: "In the Ad Building the other day my suspenders  
broke in the hall."

Betty Thorne: "Weren't you terribly embarrassed?"

Steve: "Oh, it wasn't so bad. My room-mate had them on."

\*\*\*\*\*

Boardman: "I understand you bought this car for a song."

MacKay: "Not quite; but I did give a lot of notes for it."

\*\*\*\*\*

Nurse, (sadly): "Jack will never be able to work again."

Quiggin: "I'll go and tell him. It will cheer him up."

\*\*\*\*\*

Prof Marquart coming into World History - "Order, please."

Earl Wolfe:- "Ham sandwich."



H. T.: "How about a haircut Kleppy?"

Rus: "Want a change of oil too?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Prof Garrison: "I advise you to use India ink for your lab drawings."

Mary Larson, from the rear of the class: "No, sir, I won't. I patronize home industries."

\*\*\*\*\*

Jack Lanpher: "Did you notice how my voice filled the chapel?"

Homer Smith: "I did. Several people left to make room for it."

\*\*\*\*\*

Prof Span: "Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?"

Weston Jones: "I should say so! The last report card I sent home kept the family hot for a week."

\*\*\*\*\*

Blanche McKenzie: "Oh, he's so romantic. When he addresses me he always calls me "fair lady".

Joan Norris: "Force of habit, Blanche. He's a street-car conductor."

\*\*\*\*\*

Betty Gatchell: "When do you do your hardest work?"

Bob Mitchell: "Before breakfast, always."

Betty Gatchell: "What do you do?"

Bob Mitchell: "Try to get out of bed."







Weston Jones: "These are especially strong shirts. They simply  
laugh at the laundry."

Earl Wolfe: "I know that kind; I had some come back with their  
sides split."

\*\*\*\*\*

A certain lazy student in Latin had acquired the habit of being  
prompted by a boy who sat beside him. One day the teacher asked  
him to give the four principle parts of the verb "to praise".  
Straining his ear he heard the boy beside him say, "I dunno."  
Immediately he responded to the teacher's question, "dunno,  
dunnare, dunnavi, dunnatus."

\*\*\*\*\*

Alvin Kauffman: "If there's anything I detest it's lipstick."  
Elliott Gordon: "Well - - some kinds are better than others."

\*\*\*\*\*

Fotoula: "You certainly have a good appetite."

John Coleman: "I ought to. I've practiced all my life."

\*\*\*\*\*

Robert Kirkland: "I knocked 'em cold in Rhetoric today."

Virginia Hawk: "How's that?"

Kirkland: "I got zero."

\*\*\*\*\*

Has anyone seen John Ashe's new topcoat? It's blue, with tassels  
and everything.



Rose Rice: (speaking for the office girls)

"Please go out and get us some ice-cream, Les."

Leslie MacKay: "Say, listen. I know I need a shave, but do I  
look like Santa Claus?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill Ashe: "I got so homesick last night that I had to go out and  
buy John a box of chocolates."

\*\*\*\*\*

First Fresh: "What is your brother in college?"

Second Fresh: "A half-back."

First Fresh: "I mean in studies."

Second Fresh: "Oh, he's way back."

\*\*\*\*\*

Robinson Crusoe was glad when Friday came - but not so glad as we  
are!

\*\*\*\*\*

Prof. Span: "Suppose you went to the library for material on  
feudalism, what would you do first?"

Peckam: "Open the door."

\*\*\*\*\*

Abraham: "I had all the girls running around in circles."

Mitchell: "What are you supposed to be the college sheik?"

Abraham: "No, the girls coach."















